TRAULUS

The Second PART.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXX.

TROILUS.

The Second PART.

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Printed in the Year MDCCXXIX.

TRAULUS.

The ſecond PART.

TRAULUS of amphibious Breed,
Motly Fruit of Mungril Seed:
By the *Dam* from Lordlings ſprung,
By the *Sire* exhal'd from Dung:
Think on ev'ry Vice in both,
Look on him and ſee their Growth.

VIEW

VIEW him on the Mother's Side,
Fill'd with Falſhood, Spleen and Pride;
Poſitive and over-bearing,
Changing ſtill, and ſtill adhering,
Spightful, peeviſh, rude, untoward,
Fierce in Tongue, in Heart a Coward:
When his Friends he moſt is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their Pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever deareſt Friendſhip ſwearing;
Judgement weak, and Paſſion ſtrong,
Always various, always wrong:
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates.

Talks

Talks whate'er comes in his Head,
Wiſhes it were all unſaid.

LET me now the Vices trace,
From his *Father*'s Scoundrel Race,
Who cou'd give the Looby ſuch Airs?
Were they Maſons, were they Butchers?
Herald lend the Muſe an anſwer;
From his *Atavus* and Grandſire;
This was dext'rous at his Trowel,
That was bred to kill a Cow well:
Hence the greazy clumſy Mien,
In his Dreſs and Figure ſeen:
Hence that mean and ſordid Soul,
Like his Body, rank and foul:

Hence

Hence that wild ſuſpicious Peep,
Like a Rogue that ſteals a Sheep:
Hence he learnt the Butcher's Guile,
How to cut a Throat and ſmile:
Like a Butcher doom'd for Life,
In his Mouth to wear his Knife.
Hence he draws his daily Food,
From his Tenants vital Blood.

LASTLY, let his Gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the Maſon Side:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the State to build a *Babel*:
Cou'd we place him in a Station,
To deſtroy the old Foundation,

True

True indeed, I ſhould be gladder,
Cou'd he learn to mount a Ladder.

MAY he at his latter End
Mount alive, and dead deſcend.

IN him, tell me which prevail,
Female Vices moſt, or Male,
What produc'd them, can you tell?
Human Race, or *Imps* of *Hell*.

FINIS.

True indeed, I should be glad to
Could be learn to mount a Ladder.

MAY he at his latter End
Mount alive, and dead deliverd.

IN him, tell me which prevail,
Female Vices moy[illegible]ABRAHAM,
What produc'd them, can you tell?
Human Race, or Layer of Hell.

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FINIS.